

Father PETER'S

Farewell-Sermon,

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First Epistle of the POPE to the JESUITS, Chap. 84. Ver. 88.

Sweet Meat must have soweare Sapce.

MY Text is short, but it is very agreeable to my time; and I could
easily dispence with the Mortaliess of it, if the former Sweetness
of our day's were somewhat longer.
The Times I see vary, as the Planets do in their ordinary Motions; and
there is a time for all things, a time to Win, and a time to Lose; a time to
Speak, and a time to be Silent; a time to contrive and act mischief, and a
time to be called to an Account for those Transactions; and lastly, a time of
Sweetness, and a time of Sowrnels, which brings me to the Words of my
Text,

Sweet Meat must have soweare Sapce.

My Text is Compounded of two Ingredients, Sweetness and Sowrnels; and therefore I shall divide it into Two Parishes, in my First Part, which I shall insist upon, is Sweet Meat; and in my Second Part, the Sowre Sapce.

Sweetness indeed is a great Cordial for dejected Spirits, but Superfluity
of it many times proves Nauseous; I can speak by Experience, and I
hope none that hears me can plead Ignorance, but that we have all freely
Enjoyed that Sweetness in a great measure, which I may modestly say we
have no ways deserved; we have been too fiery and over-zealous in many
Points, and have turn'd that into a Corroitive, which should have been an
healing Medicine.

Ben Johnson, that Famous Poet of his time, has in his Play of *Cataline's Conspiracy*, Act the First, Scene the Second, this Speech, which he orders
Cataline to break forth in:

*It is decreed, nor shall thy Face O Rome resist my Vow; though Hills were set on Hills, and
Seas met Seas to guard thee, I would through. I plough up Rocks steep, as the Alps in steep,
and leave the Tyrene Waters into Clouds, but I would reach thy Head, thy Head, proud City.
The Ills that I have done cannot be safet, but by attempting greater; and I feel a spirit within
me that chides my sluggish bands, and says they have been怠慢 too long, &c.*

Now I have strove as much as in me lay, to be as Inveterate against the
Church of England, as ever he and his Faction was against Rome, and have
some of my own proud thoughts by me in Manuscript, amongst my loose Pa-
pers, which I did design, had the Times been Sweeter, to have had my old
Friend H H. (if he had not boild the Peas he wore in his Shoes) to have
printed them: I shall only give you a little Relish of them.

*It is decreed, nor shall thy Face, O England's Church, resist my Vow. Though Churches
numerous are, and Parishes increase with Fleetsicks, my Malice shall not cease. I'll plough with
Mischief's Heifer, and will contrive to force the Test and Penal Laws away, that I may reach
thy Head, thy Head, Stiff Church. Then entring into a damnable Contemplation with my
self, I proceeded.*

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The errid ~~at~~ I have committed cannot be safe, but by attempting greater; the Seven great
pillars of the Church must down, and wear unto the Lyon's Den they must be hurried: For I feel
a devillish Spirit within me that chides my sluggish bands, and says, they have been in vice too long,
&c.

But now I find my dear Auditors, I went not a little like the Cobler, be-
yond my Laie, but again I say, tho' the stratagem was like the Devil's bait,
sweet at the Beginning, yet it proved crabbed and knotty in the End; but,
howsoever, many times the proof of the Pudding is in the Eating, which
brings me now to the words of my Text, Sweet Meat must have sowe Sawce;
and so I shall conclude my First Part.

Now for the Second Part of my Discourse, and the latter part of my Text,
which is, namely, Sowre Sawce.

So it indeed are the Times, and like, for ought I see, to be sowre, espe-
cially for those of our Superstitious Church, as the ungodly Hereticks of
the Church of *England* nominates us. Black Clouds are gathered together,
and our Sun is set here on this side the Water. Sharp is the Wind, and cold
is the Air on this side *Purgatory*. But this is our comfort still, that the Re-
gions are warm of our Father *Lucifer*, where I make no question but some of
us that have merited may descend, after we have undergone the Persecution
of hanging Geometrically in a Perpendicular Line, by ascending the Ladder
Passant, the better to come at the Rope Pendant: For Sweet Meat must have
sowre Sawce.

Sowre and Sharp things many times are very necessary in several Diseases,
and several Causes, and are used as proper Remedies, as for example, *Vine-
gar* will stanch Bleeding, *Salt* and *Soape* takes away a Burning or Scald, *Le-
monde* fetches spots of Ink out of Linnen, and *Oranges* Physitians do prescribe
is extraordinary good for the *Scurvy*; and Hang a Dog upon a *Crab-Tree* and
he will never love *Verjuice* afterwards; So that we may plainly see by De-
monstration, that Sharp and Sowre things are very good remedies, if proper-
ly applyed.

Now *Oranges* indeed is as proper a *Sawce* as we can have to our *Sweet Meat*,
for indeed, if I mistake not I think I am my self of an *Essex* Breed, which is a
very plentiful Country for *Calves*, and we all know, that the properest *Sawce*
for *Veal* is *Oranges*; but they are not at all agreeable to our Palates, especial-
ly your *Bermudas Oranges*, for they are very large, and have a Sound too
much of the *Belgick Lyon* in them. And now the *Belgick Lyon* begins to
Roar, which is a very great Prognostication of foul weather, and the *Roman*
Eagle lets fall her Wings, now she is hindred of her Prey, therefore let us be-
take our selves to our heels, and add wings to our Spirits, that we may be
ready to fly away from this Heretical crew of *sowre* Obstacles. He that will
deceive a *Fox* must rise betimes, and *Foxes* when they are a sleep have no-
thing fall into their mouths; but let us make the best use of thole *sowre*
times as we can, and all patiently content our selves with that wholesome
saying of the *Fox*, *When we cannot reach the Grapes, we must say they are not ripe*.

And now, for a Word or two of *Application*; Let us be *sweet* outwardly, but *sowre* in-
wardly! Let the old *Leven* of *Malice* still and for ever remain in us, that at last we may
bring it forth in the whole Lump; Let us despise their Heretical Persecutions, and if we
are once catch'd, die as innocently as our Predecessors have seemingly done before us,
without knowing any thing at all of the matter of which we are accused; but denying
all things, for the great meritorious Works sake. But lastly, let us all desire, since *Oranges*
are the properest *Sawce* for our *scurvy* *Distemper*, that we may expire our last Breath upon
that *Tree* on which they grow, and not on that old *Paddington Tree* at *Hide-park Corner*.

FINIS.